

His DAUGHTER AND MOSES.
His Pharaoh's daughter
had down to the water
she was young Moses a-swimming
and his basket all handy
and a stick of sweet candy
from eryn until he was found,
she to a maiden:
Bring here the young haythen.
She be shakin', ye lazy colleen.
The water once wets him,
the alligators gets him,
the alligators' tears you'll be sheddin'.
I
whom from his swimmin'
was brought to the swimmin',
now how the blarney's a female's
joy.
note how he was makin',
just as shure as I'm spakin',
says she, "he's the broth of a boy."
Jack Haven in University Courier.

SMELL SMOKE.

smoke is an inveterate smoker a most reprehensible habit in bed, but Mrs. Snoodle, she allows him to smoke anything, very properly forbids him to in such a dangerous practice as Mrs. Snoodle is a remarkable and sleep Mr. Snoodle frequently to enjoy a few stolen whiffs, right when in bed Mr. Snoodle irresistible desire for a pipe, in vain endeavored to combat was fast asleep, so he caressed out his hand for his pipe, lay on a little table by the bed, when with equal caution he filled up and was puffing away with relish when Mrs. Snoodle over and gave two or three

she's going to wake up."

Mr. Snoodle and hastily took

from his mouth and placed it

table.

Snoodle gave a few more smorts

up. Then she gave a series a

and Mr. Snoodle trembled, for

she was pregnant with tobacco

are you smoking?" asked his

only not my dear. Whatever

you think so?" he innocently in-

case I can smell tobacco," she

"Phew, how strong it is! Don't

all it, John?"

"I say I do, Martha. I've got a

cold."

in your eyes, man, and then you

snapped Mrs. Snoodle.

can't smell with my eyes," gig-

gle. Snoodle.

at I mean is wake up properly

ff hard. Now, can't you smell

ll-er—I think there is a faint

ink-faint odor! Why, the place

with it! I tell you what it is,

there's somebody smoking in the

"declared his wife.

you think Jane indulges in a pipe

sense?" suggested Mr. Snoodle.

ll-my dear, the only other living

in the house is the cat, and I

heard of cats smoking."

can't talk rubbish, John. It's a seri-

ter. It's my firm belief there's a

smoking in the house," And

Snoodle shivered.

very likely," replied Mr. Snoodle

thankful for his lucky escape and

to go to sleep again.

an, are you going to sleep and let

me be ransacked?" asked his wife

only not, my dear."

en why don't you go down-stairs

the burglar?"

Snoodle very reluctantly got out

warm bed into the cold air, sleep-

ed a candle and moved toward

or.

en you going to take some

on of defense?" asked his wife.

want to be killed? I never saw

man!"

Snoodle rather sulkily seized the

and muttered that "if he found a

or he'd make it smoking hot for

had got half way down stairs and

thinking of anything but burglars

he suddenly saw a man dart out

dining room and bolt down the

stairs. Mr. Snoodle's first im-

instant flight, for he was an

coward, but he was so astounded

strified with fear that he was ut-

able to either move or speak.

simply stood still, holding the candle

upside down, with his mouth

open. Then he heard the back door

and knew that the burglar was

so thought it was about time for

and to earn a little cheap glory.

he roared out: "You villains! I'll

you! I'll scalp you as clean as a

del!" and rushed down stairs. He

ever before felt so heroic in his

He bounded into the dining room

ought fiercely with the furniture,

the fender, as he could bang

hat without injuring it much un-

was quite exhausted.

John, John, come up stairs!"

said Mrs. Snoodle. "You'll be"

"all right, Martha!" shouted

Mr. Snoodle.

ave you got the rascals safely

then?"

o, they've got away. But I've

killed 'em!"

hank heaven! Come up stairs and

dress your wounds, dear," said

Snoodle solicitously.

Snoodle, after securing the back

which the servant had omitted to

and undoing the bundle of plate

the burglar had left behind in his

to escape, went up stairs.

"John," exclaimed Mrs. Snoodle

holding him, "then you're not"

o, dear," he said, mopping his

"But it was a terrible fight."

m sure it was. I never heard such

row. Did they take anything?"

only their hook," grimed Mr.

"I was just in time to prevent

carrying off the best part of our

It was all tied up ready. That

idiot of a Jane forgot to lock the back

door. I'll give it to her in the morn-

ing!"

"The silly girl! How many burglars

were there, John?"

"Two. One great fellow over 6 feet,

and another bigger, if anything, but I

caught one a crack on the head, that

must have pretty well smashed it, and

I'm sure I've broken the other one's leg,"

declared the mendacious Mr. Snoodle.

"Then I wonder he could run away,"

remarked his wife.

"He doesn't run with his arms

Martha."

"No, but you said you'd broken his

leg, John."

"Oh, I meant arm."

"I suppose the place is covered with blood?" queried Mrs. Snoodle.

"No, they took that away with 'em

I mean they ran away so quickly that

I don't think it had time to drop."

"I'm glad of that. I hope you haven't

got any internal injuries, John?" asked

Mrs. Snoodle anxiously.

"Well, dear," he laughed, "I have a

strange empty feeling about the stom-

ach, but I dare say a little whisky and

water will put that all right."

"John," exclaimed his wife, gazing

at him admiringly, "I never felt so

proud of you as I do at this moment.

Fancy you tackling two great burglars

and putting them to flight without get-

ting a scratch yourself! I always

thought you were rather a coward. For-

give me, darling, for having thought so,

now I know you are the bravest of the brave!"

"I don't know about that, Martha, but I think I have my share of courage," said Mr. Snoodle modestly.

"You're a perfect hero!" exclaimed

Mrs. Snoodle enthusiastically.

"Would you like a pipe, dear?"

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